

[In the basement of the building]

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Title Policy stations [Begin]: In the basement of the building . . .

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Project worker Grace Outlaw

Project editor

Remarks

W3688

Policy Stations

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507 Oakwood Blvd.

III. 1937-38

Stories heard around policy stations during the Christmas season.

In the basement of the building is a tailorshop. Hundreds of people during the day enter the shop. Ninety-five percent of them pass through the shop enroute to the policy station in the rear of it.

In the station is an attractive young woman who takes the plays as the customers come in. She is seated on a stool in a wired in space much like that of a cashiers cage.

"Hello Mrs. B." she greeted an old woman who entered the station. "What's your play today?"

Mrs. B. . . . "Oh you know I never change my gig and I know it'll bring me luck cause its Xmas time my son'll be dead six years Xmas day and its his name I always play gimme ten cents on his name."

"Okay, Mrs. B. and lots of luck . . . how's your arthritis these days?"

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"Aint so good . . . had a lotta pain the last few days . . . well, I'll see you tonight."

Ten-thirty the same night.

"Hello Mrs. B. . . . you really got a break, your gig fell you'll have ten dollars for Xmas."

"I knew it would fall . . . I felt it in my bones."

This story overheard in a neighborhood store.

The grocer: "Yes Missus it is fine weather that we're having . . . and would you like some of out nice, fresh cranberries . . . the celery's good, too . . . and Missus, the cauliflower is fine, there aint none better twenty-five cents . . . that's not much, Missus no butter, sugar or lard or nothing?"

The Missus: You show is high with your stuff . . . how much is these oranges . . . speck I spent enough outta this check"

Grocer: "A check did you say, Missus? And how much is it? Thirty dollars! and you only spent a little over two dollars . . . you only come Missus, when you get your old age check . . . and I'm a good grocer I cash checks for you all the time, but you dont come every day to buy."

Missus: "How you reckon I'm gonna come every day to buy? Aint I got something else to do sides eat? A dollar a day aint nothing . . . cose it helps."

Grocer: "But Missus, you go every day to the policy station to play . . . so you dont have much for the grocery man"

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Missus: "Taint none a your business if I do . . . what was you doing there . . . reckon you didn't go there to pray . . . if I didn't catch a gig now and then I wouldn't be able to eat or nothing."

Grocer: "Thanks Missus, and come again."

Missus: "What you doing charging ten cents extra for . . . to cash the check old skin-flint."

Overheard in a drug store.

A man sat in a booth in a drug store and figured out something on a piece of paper. A friend seeing him approached the booth.

Friend: "Well, Bill, trying to figure out your gig for a big haul Xmas, eh?"

The man: "Uhhuh."

Friend: "Guess you'll be on the police gig. everybody's playing it since the raid last night."

The man: "What! police! . . . what was that bout the police gig? Who raided what?"

Friend: "Thought you saw it . . . they raided Tony's place last night . . . now its bound to fall in the next three or four days and I'm playing it on white paper because all the cops were white and there were six of them so I'm playing for the first sixes . . . boy, it'll be a killer-diller when it falls . . . s'long, be seein you."

The man: "White cops, first sixes and a raid . . . not bad"

He spread his change on the table and counted it.

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“Eighty-five cents! . . . well here goes seventy-five cents on the gig and ten cents left for coffee and rolls.”